THRENODY FOR FLORA.

Out of the cluster of our love,
A star has vanished up the sky;
Out of our nest, a spirit-dove
Has flown angelically high.

A gap is in our fireside ring,
The wideness of a little tomb;
A prattle, such as robins sing,
Has faded out of every room.

Our hearts long for her pretty charms
Of babish questions manifold,
And for the little hugging arms
Now locked across her bosom cold.

Her bright hair, and her eyes that beamed
So bonnily, oh how we miss!
And oh, her loving lips, that seemed
Fashioned so purposely to kiss.

As they who may in exile be,
Grow homesick for the ones they love,
So we grow heavensick to see
Our pet seraphical above.

Pet of the angels! in that home,
Faith sees her face serenely fair;
For, as she entered heaven's dome,
She left a window open there. (*N. Era.*

From the National Era.

DEPENDENCE;

OR,

What Made One Woman Meanly Penurious.

"Don't forget to give me some money before you leave," said Mrs. Dean to her larger half.

"*Money!* What now? You want another silk dress, don't you? These women are forever wanting something. I gave you a dollar yesterday, what has become of that?"

Mrs. Dean bit her lip with suppressed emotion, and colored deeply. She was accustomed to such outbreaks; but there was more bitterness in his tone than usual, which made it less bearable.

"How much money do you want, and what do you want it for?" demanded Mr. Dean, after a slight pause.

"I want three or four dollars—enough to buy a collar and a pair of gloves."

"*Three or four dollars;* and it's three or four dollars every day. These constant demands will make a beggar of me."

"Then we shall be on the same footing," quietly returned the wife.

"Here," said Mr. Dean, handing her six dollars and a school bill. "This bill was sent to me last night, and Mary's teacher will doubtless call today for the amount. It's only three twenty-five, and the balance you can have for your furbelows."

Mr. Dean tripped along the pavement, recognizing, with a gracious smile, almost every person he met. Arrived at his office, he found his clerk, and inquired—

"Did you get through with those accounts last night?"

"Yes, and the balance sheet presents a handsome sum in your favor. You are worth not less than $150,000."

The employer looked well pleased, though this was not far from his own calculation. He fell into a fit of musing. "And my business," thought he, "is worth $2,000 per year. Then about $100,000 of this is so invested that it brings me eight per cent. I *have* been very lucky. That railroad stock has been profitable, and my last commercial venture was highly successful. My expenses too, are rather light. My wife is an economist. Very few persons spend as little as we do, and live as handsomely." And the rich man congratulated himself upon the possession of wealth and his large income, and his economical wife, and was thenceforth unusually affable and obliging to all who came in his way.

Let us return to his home. There sits his wife, where we left her, intently busy in making a pair of cuffs. They were finely wrought, and would correspond with the three dollar collar that she saw yesterday and intended to purchase. And why did Mrs. Dean consume her life-force in elaborate needle work? Every little stitch diminished the power of the optic nerve; every half hour thus employed was needed for other purposes. She felt this; but elaborate work must be worn, and such work her purse did not often permit her to buy. Disquietude was very apparent after her husband's departure. An occasional frown might have been seen, and her face alternately paled and flushed—

"As if back upon her brain,
The hot blood ebbed and flowed again."

"When we were poor, it was not thus," said she to herself. "A dollar then was expended less grudgingly than now. And it is so humiliating to ask, as though you were a beggar, and receive as though it were a charity, every cent you spend. We certainly have enough expended upon our living, but it is all for show, and very little for comfort. If it would answer for me to wear calico dresses and cotton gloves, I would be very willing to do it, and then would my dress harmonize throughout. But, no; my exterior must be like that of the wife of a millionaire, while such a dearth of really necessary clothing but few women would be able to exhibit. Our furniture is elegant, and our table good enough; but all that I buy must be got at reduced prices, and the money given me for family expenses is the smallest amount that will answer."

This train of thought was interrupted by the appearance of Miss Aiken, the teacher. Her bill was soon settled; but as Mrs Dean really needed the money for her own expenses, and forgetting for a moment the wearisome days that had been spent in the school room, and the culture that had been bestowed upon the mind of her child by the faithful preceptress before her, it was paid rather unwillingly. In addition to that, Miss Aiken wished to raise a little sum, by voluntary contributions, to buy grace-hoops and dumb-bells and wands for the use of her pupils. This had been highly approved by all the mothers to whom the plan had been submitted. Some had contributed toward this object; others had referred Miss A. to their husbands, each presuming that hers wo'd give all that was necessary.

"What amount do you require?" asked Mrs. Dean.

"If each of my patrons would contribute fifty cents, we should be well supplied; but even twenty-five cents would enable us to get a number of articles which we now very much need."

There was a struggle in the mind of Mrs Dean. She knew something of the necessity of these exercises, and furthermore she was ashamed to seem backward in such a matter. Then her own wants presented themselves, and she hesitated. At length she very reluctantly handed Miss Aiken twenty-five cents.

"I do hate to settle with women," said Miss Aiken, when she reached home. "They are so *mean* They seem to feel that I am under obligation to instruct their children, without any compensation whatever. Mrs. James Dean has such a *sordid* disposition! After paying my bill very grudgingly, she showed her appreciation of my efforts to benefit her bow-backed daughter, by squeezing out twenty-five cents towards getting up the proposed exercises."

Mrs Dean, on the departure of Miss Aiken, resumed her cogitations. "My position is very embarrassing," thought she. "I would gladly have given more, but a pair of gloves I must have; and if I go to that party this evening, I must have a collar. I have worn my old collars till I am ashamed to wear them any longer, and most of them are positively ragged. At dinner I will ask Mr. Dean for more money. *No, I will not,*" was the second thought; "I will get some coarse articles such as I can procure for what I have in hand. And that will be foolish, too; for my dress will be criticized, and Mr. Dean mortified. I think I will ask for more. No, no, I will not subject myself to another tirade to-day." And that was the final decision.

"Mother, see here," exclaimed little George; "Emma has thrown her shoe into the fire, and burned, it,"

"I am sorry," said the mother; "now I shall have to get a pair of shoes."

Presently a man from the country bro't some dried peaches, which Mrs. Dean had bespoken, and for these she had to pay a dollar. His price was one dollar and a quarter for the lot; but he concluded to throw off the quarter, rather than take them away. He left the door, muttering—

"She's a keen one—mighty sharp for a bargain. Good deal of work to dry peaches—couldn't afford them for a dollar. Hate to deal with women—real skinflints."

"Helen, I suppose you intend to go to Kellogg's to-night," said Mr Dean, at dinner time.

"I would rather decline the invitation," responded his companion.

"Oh, I think we had better go. The Livingstons will be there. I shall be most happy to see my wife in her crimson velvet."

And Mr. Dean romped with the children, and exhibited a great exuberance of spirits.

"I have a mind to tell him all, and show exactly what I need," thought his wife. "I have not other things to correspond with my velvet, and it is a dress I never wanted." Then the bitter taunt in the morning rang in her ears, and she said to herself, "*No!* I will *suffer* before I ask for anything for myself again."

"I hope to have the pleasure of seeing my wife on the street this afternoon," remarked Mr. Dean as he closed the door after him.

"Yes," muttered the unhappy woman, "you may see her walking miles and miles, to hunt up something that is cheap—that will correspond with her very limited purse."

Mrs. Dean soon started to do her shopping.—She went again to look at the three dollar collars. The balance of the six dollars given her in the morning, added to a little change she previously had, made just two dollars and fifty cents.

"Can you not let me have one of these for two and a half, Mr Gray?"

"We certainly could not, Mrs Dean. You see the work is very fine. We have sold most of them for four dollars."

She was obliged to leave without the collar, and then Mr. Gray said to his first clerk—"What a niggard she is. How inexpressibly mean!"

"We found that out long ago," was the reply.

Little did they dream that she had not another farthing in her purse. Her effort to obtain fine work at a low price was fruitless. At length her little shoeless Emma came into her mind; she had forgotten the accident, and she stepped into a store and priced some exquisite little gaiters. The shopman threw off a quarter, and let her have them for fifty cents; and when she left, he grumbled about it, saying—"There is not a man in surer business and more easy circumstances in town than James Dean, and yet his wife is as close fisted as a Jew. She squeezes a sixpence as tho' her fingers were a vice!" Thereupon the clerks laughed at her expense.

"Two dollars is all I have left," thought Mrs. Dean. It then occurred to her that she could get some lace and put around a narrow collar she had at home. That would give it a fashionable look, and it would answer for the coming evening.—This was done; and by much walking and talking she managed to save ten cents, to pay for cleaning a pair of old white kids, which, she concluded, would answer for that night.

Mrs Dean was quite an elegant woman, and she looked very charmingly at the party of which we have spoken. She was at heart a noble, a generous woman. She had no tendency to extravagance—of this her husband had never accused her; neither was she naturally penurious. But necessity, actual necessity, had made her appear mean and selfish in the eyes of the world. It was necessary for her to maintain a certain style so long as she moved in a fashionable circle, and this she found it difficult to do. All the rich and extravagant clothing she had—the elegant bracelets and other jewelry, the velvet and brocade, Mr. Dean purchased himself; and these in his estimation, were the sum total of all that was needed. At that time she was greatly in want of a common dressing-gown, of hose and pocket-handkerchiefs, and night-clothes, and these she resolved to get; for there were no such incongruities in her character as to make her satisfied with outward splendor and hidden poverty and want.

The next morning after the incidents above related, Mrs Dean at an early hour repaired to the shop of a jeweller, for the purpose of disposing of a bracelet that cost her husband one hundred dollars.

"I could not give you more than seventy-five madam," said the dealer in jewels. "It probably cost more than that; but I do not find this kind of bracelet very saleable, and I should not be willing to increase the sum."

The bargain was concluded, and with her money Mrs Dean purchased many necessary and useful articles for herself and children, and she enjoyed the luxury of many little comforts and conveniences, to which she had for years been a stranger. Mr. Dean frequently gave her funds for family expenses, but not a word was said about dress.

"Good for Mrs. Dean," observed Mr. Gray's first clerk. "She has been here a dozen times within a month, and has not compromised her dignity by asking us to fall on a single article."

"Wonder what has happended to Mrs. Dean?" said a market man. "She don't hold on to her sixpences half as tight as usual."

One evening, about six months after the events I have related, Mr Dean and his wife were having a cozy chat, during which he surprised her with a diamond ring.

"Thank you, dearest; you are very kind; but I do not wish to wear diamonds—I fear they will *make a beggar of you,*" added she, very significantly, and a shade of sadness passed over her naturally animated face.

"Well, I want you to wear *that* diamond at least," remarked the husband. "By the way, Helen, what has become of that bracelet I bought for you in London? I have not seen you wear it in a long time."

Mrs. Dean's face was suffused with crimson.—She did not wish to disturb the harmony of their evening by an explanation and by defence of her conduct. She felt that it would be difficult to make him understend that her position was embarrassing—that he had placed her on a level with a mere dependent upon his bounty. But his searching eye was upon her, and he awaited a reply.

"I have sold the bracelet, Mr. Dean."

"*Sold it!* The devil you have. What did you sell it for?"

"I sold it to supply myself with the necessaries of life," she quietly answered.

"*Necessaries of life!*" exclaimed the enraged man. "One would think you were in a suffering condition, to see your surroundings."

"No, Mr. Dean; one would think I had all that heart could wish. So far as externals are concerned, I have more than is necessary. I have what you chose to get, and you generally choose to get whatever will gratify your own vanity and make a display. But I never have one cent at my command, save what is doled out in driblets; and often need things, the want of which you cannot appreciate; and furthermore, I don't want to trouble you with them. But the children and myself have almost suffered for the want of shoes; and Charlie has had the cramp more than once in consequence. I never have a shilling to bestow on the poor, and I am often so reduced that I cannot bespeak a carriage, or pay for an omnibus ticket in a shower. Many a time have I had to wait for hours for your return home, that I might get a dime to send for medicine for a sick child; and when Wille died—— but no matter now."

The wife was convulsed with powerful emotions, every nerve throbbed with fear and agony. "It is a desperate game," thought she, "but I have been a beggar long enough." And she continued—"I have had to abuse myself by higgling with fish-women and jewing market-men. What is expended upon my own dress is abundantly sufficient, if I could have it under my own control, and exercise my own judgment. But now, while I wear a fifteen-dollar hat and a hundred-dollar shawl, I am sometimes unable to buy a paper of pins or a pair of boot-laces. Unless I can be made a little more independent, I shall sell any valuables I may have in possession that can be disposed of. As for coming to you for every farthing that I have to use, and rendering an account of its expenditure, *I shall not do it.* You may depend upon *that.*"

The face of her "lord and master" was livid with rage. His eye glared with the fierceness of a tiger, and from his thin, pale lips proceeded such a volley of oaths, that she trembled and almost shrieked under the fury of the storm she had raised. He cruelly upbraided her, called her a fool, and said she was guilty of the basest ingratitude.

"*Ingratitude!*" exclaimed the wife—"if we are going to settle accounts, I will go to the past, and bring in a bill that you seem to have forgotten. Who struggled with you in poverty? Who toiled early and late for the comforts that you wet; unable to procure? When our first born cried for bread, and there was none to give him, whose hands earned it? When you yourself was treading the downward path to ruin, who arrested your steps, and won you back to temperance? Who gently drew you aside from the gaming-table, and procured for you honorable employment? Who practiced frugality, and encouraged you to lay up the first fruits of honorable industry? Who labored in every way to promote your pecuniary interests? On whom did you rely for counsel? Who cheered and sustained you? And again, when the dark cloud of adversity seemed ready to overwhelm us, whose vigilant eye saw the danger and whose prompt action dispelled the darkness? Who on bended knees has daily sought wisdom from on high to aid her in becoming a faithful mother to your children? Who has made it her study, for the last twenty years, to be to you a help-meet, a true and loving companion?"

"Enough! enough!" cried the husband, "say no more for God's sake! Tell me what you want, and I will give it, though it be the half of my fortune."

Mr. Dean's anger had subsided. The Past—oh, he had almost forgotten it. Strange that memory should be so treacherous, especially about those things that ought to be remembered. The Past! it brought associations that humbled him. Never before had his wife hinted at his obligations to her, but now her every word burned into his soul the conviction of his own ingratitude. Noble woman that she was. He ought rather to worship than to upbraid. To her he owed everything—she made him what he was, and he knew it.

Do not suppose, dear reader, that there was any intentional wrong on the part of Mr. Dean Far from it; few men love their wives more than he loved his, and few have as much reason to do so. He thought the provision made for his family was abundant, and the smallness of the sum given to his wife would be a wholesome check to any propensity to extravagance she *might* acquire He was somewhat tinctured with the very common idea that women are reckless of expenditure whenever they have the means, and it cannot be denied that too many of them are; but there are many exceptions, and Mrs. Dean was one.

A person who has never been placed in the position of a dependent—who has never received as a gratuity what is his right—who has never had funds doled out to him as grudgingly as they are put into contribution boxes, can have no idea how often the spirit is chafed, and fretted, and rebels at such a condition.

At length matters were amicably adjusted, and a certain amount was handed over to Mrs. Dean, in regular instalments, for family expenses, and another sum for her own wardrobe and that of the children. She was abundantly satisfied with the apportionment, all their necessities were supplied. She had not as much expensive clothing as before, but was infinitely more comfortable; and Mr. Dean found that this arrangement had not increased their expenses twenty-five dollars per year.

The clerks and market-men and teachers never accused Mrs. Dean of penuriousness afterward; and in promoting any object of benevolence she was never backward. The happiness of the family was greatly increased, and on the first holiday that occurred after the scene related, Mr. Dean presented his wife with the bartered bracelet, as a Christmas gift. The sweet smile with which she thanked him, the heightened color, and the tear she silently dashed aside, showed that her woman's heart was touched by this indirect acknowledgement of his error.

Now, reader, do not say this is an untruthful picture. You may not be able to recognize the portrait of Mr. Dean, but others may. It is asserted by half the world that there never was a Pecksniff; and the other half say that Pecksniffs are very common. We judge of mankind by our own experience and observation; and although you may never have seen James Dean, Esq., yet I affirm that he is a real live man, and his residence is on State street, No. —— but I will not give that. For particulars, inquire of

LIZZIE LINN.

HOW TO PTEVENT WET FEET.—A writer in the Mechanics' Magazine, says:—

"I had three pairs of boots for the last six years, (no shoes) and I think I shall not require any more for the next six years to come. The reason is, I treat them as follows: I put a pound each of tallow & rosin in a pot, on the fire; when melted and mixed, I warm the boots and apply the hot stuff with a stiff paint brush, until neither the sole nor the upper leather will suck in any more. If desired that the boots should immediately take a polish, dissolve one ounce of wax in a teaspoonful of lampblack. A day after the boots have been treated with the tallow and rosin, rub over them this wax in turpentine, but not before the fire.—Thus the exterior will have a coat of wax alone, and shine like a mirror. Tallow, or any other grease, becomes rancid, and rots the stitching as well as the leather, but the rosin give it an antiseptic quality, which preserves the whole. Boots and shoes should be so large as to admit of wearing cork soles. Cork is so bad a conductor of heat, that with it in the boots the feet are always warm on the coldest stone floor."

How to Make One Farm Equal to Three.

We find the following extract from an address of G. T. Stewart, Esq., before the Ohio Agricultural Society, in the columns of the Southern Cultivator.

Many farmers who are destroying the productiveness of their farms by shallow work, as they find their crops diminishing, think only of extending their area by adding acres of surface, as if they supposed that their title deeds only gave them a right to six inches deep of earth. If they will take those deeds, study their meaning, and apply the lesson to their fields, they will soon realize in three-fold crops the fact that the law has given them three farms where they supposed they had but one—in other words, that the subsoil bro't up and combined with the top-soil and enriched with the atmospheric influences, and those other elements which agricultural science will teach them to apply to their ground, will increase three fold the measure of its productiveness. To show to what an extent the fertility of the soil can be increased, I refer to the Patent Office Report.—In the year 1850, there were nine competitors for the premium corn crop of Kentucky, each of whom cultivated 10 acres. Their average crop was about 122 bushels per acre. At that time the average crop of wheat per acre in the harvests of Great Britain, on a soil cultivated for centuries is about double that produced on the virgin soil of Ohio. Why is this? Simply because British farmers are educated men, and apply work wisely. They pay back to the earth what they borrow; they endeavor by every means in their power, to enrich their ground and in return it enriches them. If our farmers, instead of laboring to double their acres would endeavor to double their crops, they would find it a vast saving of time and toil, and an increase of profits.

Many of them never think of digging ten inches into the soil, unless they have dreamed about a crock of gold hid in the earth; but if they would set about the digging in good earnest, every man would find his crock of gold, without the aid of dreams and divination.

We have a great advantage over the British farmers in the fact that our farmers nearly all hold the lands which they cultivate, in fee simple, while in England they are chiefly tenants hiring the lands of the nobility, paying enormous rents to the proprietors, besides heavy taxes to government. Taxes here are comparatively light, and our farmers are their own landlords. Hence they have been enabled to pay three-fold wages for labor to those paid in Europe, pay the cost of transportation, and yet undersell the British farmers in their own makets.

Planting Chestnuts.

The *N. E. Farmer* says, very truly, the chestnut, both on account of its timber and the fruit it produces, deserves more attention than it receives. The nuts intended for planting should not be allowed to become thoroughly dry. Those having been kept in quantity in the stores would probably sprout. They should be kept slightly moist through the winter and planted in the spring.—Nature plants them in the autumn, and covers with a thick coat of leaves; but it is probable that large numbers of those spared by the boys and squirrels never germinate, for want of being placed under favorable circumstances of light and warmth. It is said that they need protection the first winter, as there is some danger of their being killed by freezing. In transplanting, the next spring they require much the same attention as other trees, but without so rich a soil as is required for fruit trees. In Italy, chestnuts grow to the size of small apples, and are used for food by the peasantry.

At a farmers' meeting in New York, Mr. Bice, speaking of planting chestnut timber, remarked that he plowed up a tract of unproductive hill-side and planted it with chestnuts, four feet apart every way. The first sprouts coming rather crooked and scrubby, he went over the field and cut them down close to the ground, which caused new shoots to spring up straight and vigorous. The trees are very thrifty, completely shade the ground, and grow more and more rapidly as the soil becomes strengthened by their annual deposit of leaves. So well satisfied is he with the experiment, that he is now placing other worthless land in a similar course of improvement.

Emerson, in his *Trees and Shrubs,* says the chestnut tree is found on the banks of the Mousum river, in the county of York, Me., a little beyond the forty-third parallel of latitude, and thence southward as far as Florida, and in the Western States. It is found in every part of Massachusetts, but does not readily and abundantly ripen its fruit in the immediate neighborhood of the sea.

Michaux says chestnut copses are considered in France as the most valuable species of property; every seven years they are cut for hoops, and the largest branches serve for vine props; at the end of fourteen years they furnish hoops for large tubs, and at the age of twenty-five years they are proper for posts and light timber. The chestnut grows well on rocky hills, and other lands hardly rich enough for cultivation.

MAN'S RIGHT TO HEALTH.—As we have meddled rather freely with the question of Woman's Right's of late, we offer the following extract of a letter written at Lenawe Water-Cure by H. C. Wright, by way of doing equal and exact justice to all *men.*—*Water-Cure Jour.*

"Ever since I have been here, by this pool of pure, cold water, to 'wash and be clean,' and for many years before, I have been thinking much ON MAN'S RIGHT TO HEALTH. Is man's 'right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' inherent and inalienable? Not less natural, inherent, and inalienable is man's right to health—to health of body and mind. Whoever inflicts disease upon a human being, no matter whether through ignorance, indifference, or intention, perpetrates an outrage on human rights. An invasion of human rights is atrocious or deplorable in proportion to its effects on the happiness of those whose rights are invaded. What shall be said of those parents who invade this most sacred right of their children—even before they are born into this world?—Can the human mind conceive the amount of suffering in this world, caused solely by diseases transmitted by parents to their children? What proportion of those who have died in the past fifty years, died of the result of disease received from their parents? How many of the hundreds of millions, now on this earth, will be swept away by violations of the right to health, on the part of parents? Have children the right to receive from the authors of their being, healthy bodies & healthy souls? If so, what shall be said of those who inflict on their helpless, innocent, unborn children, perverted souls, and diseased bodies? Can man commit greater outrage against nature, against justice and humanity, than to inflict on his offspring loathsome and most painful disease, to terminate a brief life of anguish by a violent and painful death? HAVE CHILDREN A SACRED RIGHT TO HEALTH? If so, what shall be said of those debauched and reckless men and women, who are, and are to be the parents of future generations? I wish ministers all had to preach one year about a preparation to become healthy parents of healthy children."

GREAT RESULTS FROM A SMALL BEGINNING.—The New York Artizan has the following:

Mrs. B. (the respected widow of Mr. B., some years since an extensive and opulent merchant in this city,) becoming reduced in circumstances, with four children to support, took a thread and needle store in Washington street, in a house fitted up by a sister of a Mr. A., an eminent baker of thirty years standing in New York. Having purchased seven pounds of flour wherewith to make a batch of bread for her children, she innocently enough, on its withdrawal from the oven, placed it on the counter to cool. Some parties called in accidentally to make some trifling purchases and remarking the nice fresh looking loaves, exclaimed:

"Oh, Mrs. B.! what beautiful looking bread. Will you sell me a loaf?"

She replied, "It was intended for my children, but to please a customer, I will sell it."

The proceeds and profits of this one sale enabled her to purchase fourteen pounds more, which was speedily converted into domestic bread, and was rapidly sold. Progressing thus, and finding such a demand for this description of bread, she was soon enabled to purchase a barrel of flour, and finally, after some years of extraordinary success in the business, she purchased five hundred acres of land in Michigan, three hundred of which five years ago, were sown with wheat and in a high state of cultivation. On this three hundred acres she raised in one year, $6,000 worth of wheat.

Another Singular History.—A correspondent of the Savannah Republican, noticing the romantic history of the Rev Eleazer Williams, claiming to be a branch of the Bourbon family, and the long lost Dauphin of France, thus refers to the history of Napoleon's favorite field-marshal, which is equally as full of romance as that of the reputed Bourbon—

"This unexpected discovery of a 'Bourbon among us,' reminds me of another singular history, derived from the United States, in the revolutionary annals of France.

I believe that Marshal Ney, the favorite of Napoleon, was Michael Rudolf, who was a distinguished officer in our war of the Revolution. He was a captain in Lee's partisan legion of the southern army; and he was then, as he was in France, called the 'bravest of the brave.' In the French army he was called the 'American tobacconist,' because he carried a cargo of that article to France from this country, when he took part in the French revolution.

The incidents of Marshal Ney's life have been collected by I. K. Tefft, Esq, of Savannah. It is hoped that his narrative will soon be published to the world.

Michael Rudolf, as his name suggests, was of German parentage, and was born on the Eastern shore of Maryland. At a very early age he entered the army, and achieved distinction in Lee's legion. He married in Liberty county, Georgia, but after he sailed for France, from Sunbury, he never returned to the United States.

The historians of France report his birth-place to be Sarre Louis on the confines of the Rhine."

"NOT GOOD FOR MAN TO BE ALONE."—The New York *Churchman* seconds our suggestion, that there is room & need here for a society to promote the emigration of women to California:—"Why should there not," asks the *Churchman,* "be a female emigration fund established here, with a view to restore the social equilibrium that has been so fearfully disturbed by the flowing of our young men to the great El Dorado of the far West? How can they, whose sons and brothers, and nephews, and wards, and neighbors have separated themselves from the social and domestic efficacies we have been considering—how can such turn their thoughts and charities to better account, than by making ways and means for repairing, in some degree, the perilous disproportion which has thus been created? sending on those necessary elements of social health and prosperity, which by reason of their excess, are in danger of corrupting into evil here, and from the want of which there is in the nature of things certain to be a vast, manifold and hideous growth of evil there. We cannot persuade ourselves to think this a matter that may be safely left to take care of itself."

We trust the *Churchman* will keep the subject before the people, till public attention is awakened to its importance.—*Home Journal.*